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CHARLES STARRETT as

*the*

# DURANGO KID

DURANGO KID

10.25





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**Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!  
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

# MAKE BIG MONEY

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM

## MASON LEATHER JACKETS

### Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Cape skin, Suede and other fine leather jackets—nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder!—You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH  
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!



Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-scul, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with wooly Sheepskin, and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!

### Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velvet-eez Air-Cushion Shoes in 150 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Innersole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason man in your town, you actually feature more shoes in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-from-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want—they keep re-ordering, too—put dollars and dollars into your pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

### Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today—I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

### SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA130  
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start my own extra-income business. Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name  Age

Address

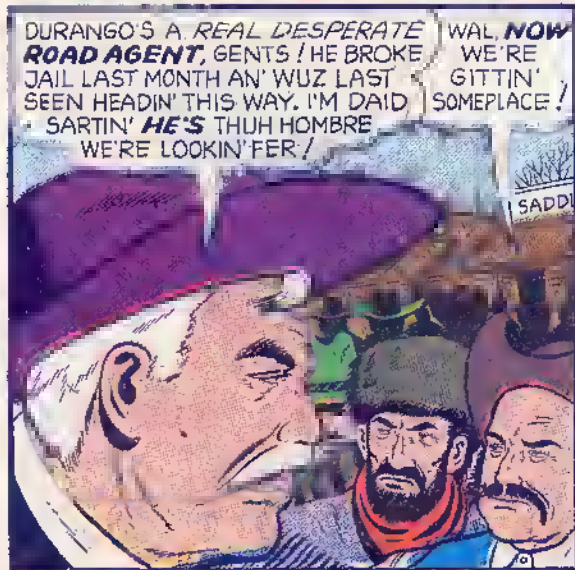
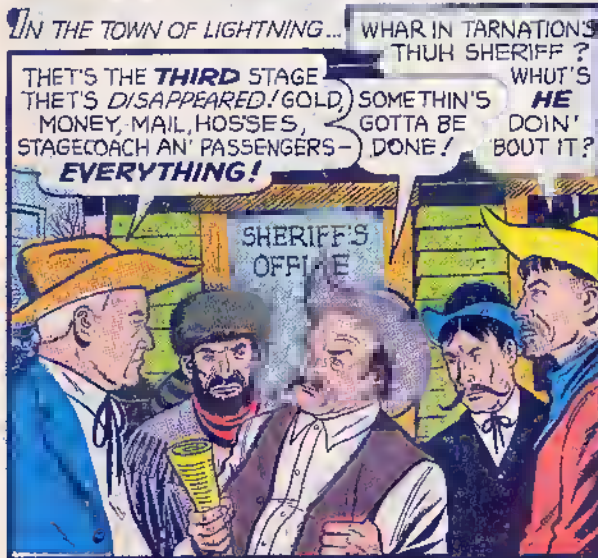
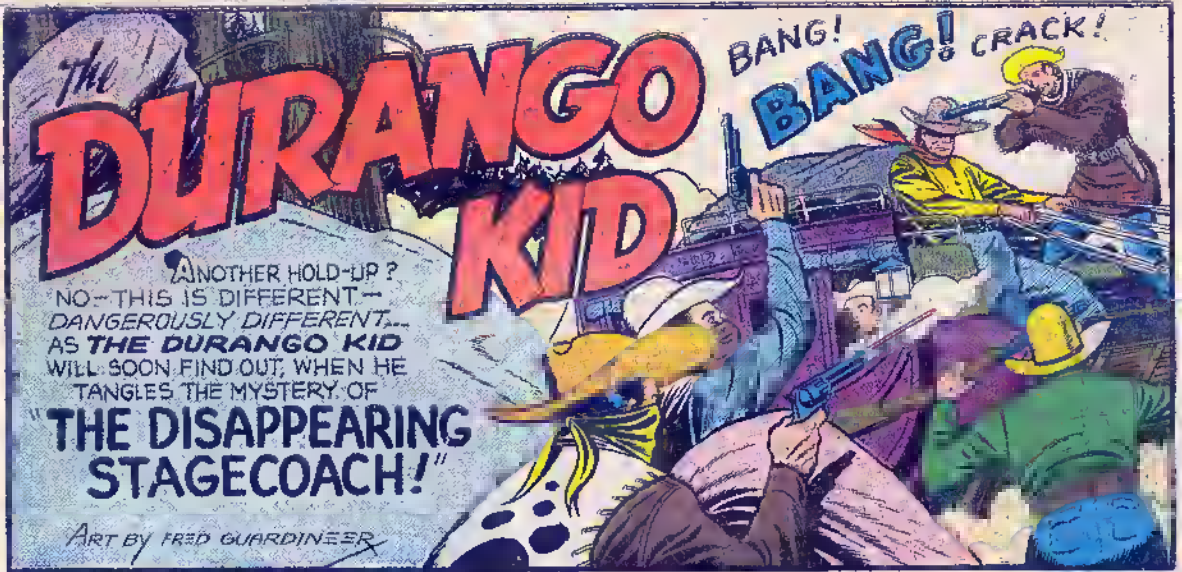
Town  State

### These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

... Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Cape skin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin...nature's own protection against cold!
- Quilted and rayon linings!
- Laskin Lamb waterproof, non-matting fur collars!
- Knitted wristlets!
- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

**MASON** SHOE MFG CO.  
DEPT. MA130  
Chippewa Falls, Wis.





# THE DURANGO KID

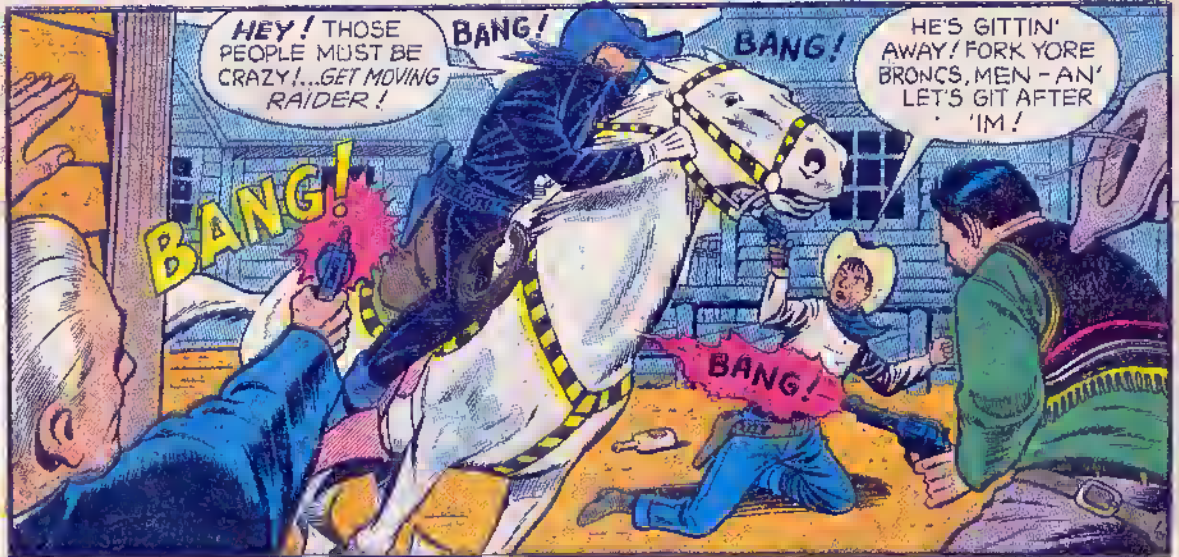
WAL, IT SHORE AIN'T EASY KEEPIN' ALL THEM STAGES, HOSSES AN' PASSENGERS AT THUH HIDEOUT! I DUNNO WHY WE JEST CAIN'T TAKE THUH MONEY AN' LET THEM PASSENGERS GO?

WE'RE KEEPIN' 'EM AT THUH HIDEOUT SO THAR WON'T BE **ANY** CLUES OR EVIDENCE AGIN US! LET **ME** DO THUH THINKIN', IDAHO. WE'LL SOON MAKE OUR PILE AN' CLEAR OUT...!

LATER THAT DAY... A BLACK-CLOTHED FIGURE COMES RIDING INTO TOWN...

**THUH DURANGO KID!**  
WHUT NERVE!  
GIT 'IM!

HOLY SMOKE?  
AIN'T **THET** THUH HOMBRE ON THUH POSTER?



HOP YORE HOSSES AN RIDE WITH THET POSSE, IDAHO! TAKE TWO OTHER BOYS WITH YOU. **MAKE SURE THEY DON'T CATCH DURANGO...**

RIGHT! THET DURANGO'S TOO VALUABLE TO US! WE WANT HIM ON THUH LOOSE!...LET'S GO, BOYS!

**MEANWHILE, DURANGO STREAKS THROUGH ROCK PASS...**

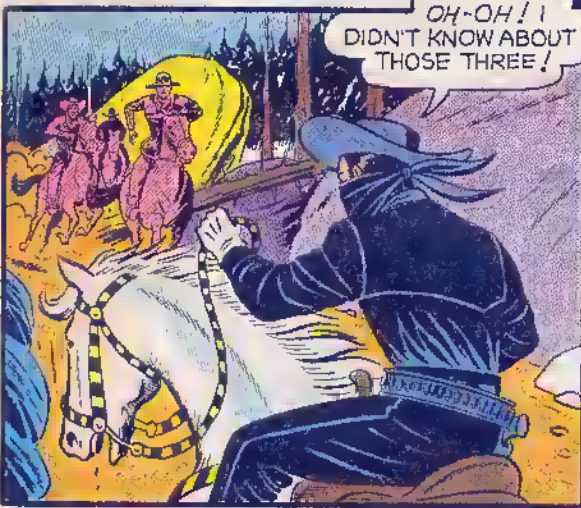
THAT POSSE'S RIDING HARD, ALL RIGHT. I'LL DUCK THEM THIS WAY-UP RAIDER...!





# THE DURANGO KID

DURANGO DUCKS THE POSSE - BUT ONLY TO RIDE HEADLONG INTO BARTON'S MEN!



OH-OH! I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE THREE!



BEHIND THIS ROCK, RAIDER! I CAN HOLD 'EM OFF FROM HERE - WELL, I'LL BE --! THEY'RE NOT EVEN FOLLOWING ME!



STRANGE - I **KNOW** THEY SAW ME! NOW HERE COMES THE REST OF THE POSSE, DOUBLING BACK!

HEY, IDAHO! SEEN ANYTHIN' OF THET DURANGO HOMBRE!



SHORE DID, SHERIFF! HE WENT THAT WAY AN' HE WUZ MOVIN' FAST!

THANKS... LET'S GO BOYS!

THEY DELIBERATELY PUT THE SHERIFF ON THE **WRONG** TRACK! FOR SOME REASON, THOSE THREE HOMBRES DON'T WANT ME CAPTURED! NOW, I WONDER WHY? AND NOW - THEY'RE RIDING AWAY...!

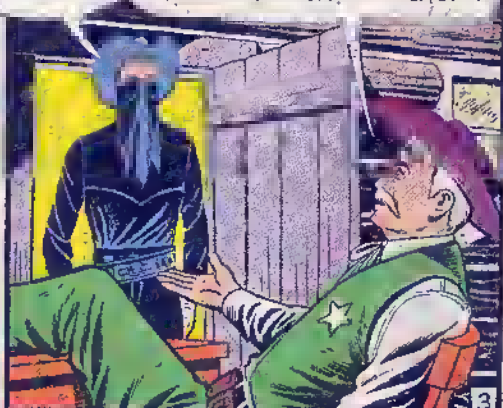
A FEW HOURS LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT - ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUCTIONS...



WELL SHERIFF - LOOKS LIKE YOU DUCKED YOUR POSSE, ALL RIGHT.

RIGHT - AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU DID TOO. YOU SHORE GAVE US A RUN FER OUR MONEY, DURANGO! I GUESS OUR PLAN'S WORKIN'! IT WUZ A GOOD IDEA OF MINE - CALLIN' YOU IN ON THUH CASE...





# THE DURANGO KID

NOW, EVERYBODY THINKS **YUH'RE** THUH ROAD AGENT WHUT DID THEM HOLDUPS. THET OUGHTA MAKE THUH REAL OWLHOOTS DROP THEIR GUARD A BIT!

I THINK THEY'VE DROPPED THEIR GUARD ALREADY, SHERIFF...



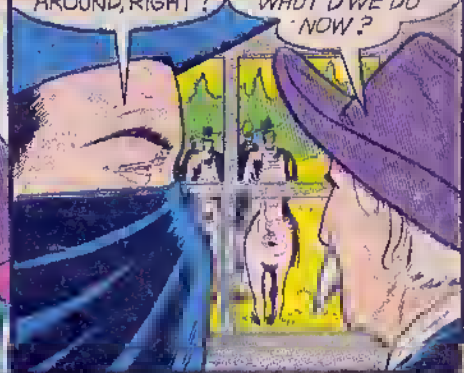
THAT HOMBRE IN THE CHECKERED HAT- AND HIS BUDDIES- SAW ME THIS AFTERNOON. BUT THEY SENT YOU OFF THE WRONG WAY!

WHY, THOSE GUYS WERE BUCK BARTON'S MEN!



WHY DID THEY DO THAT? NOW-IF **THEY** WERE THE REAL ROAD AGENTS, IT WOULD BE MIGHTY HANDY FOR THEM TO HAVE A **PHONY** SUSPECT RUNNING AROUND, RIGHT?

RIGHT! BUT WE WON'T GIT A CHANCE TUH DO ANYTHIN' ABOUT IT-**HYAR COMES MUH POSSE, MUSTA FOLLOWED MUH TRACKS!** WHUT D'WE DO NOW?



ONLY ONE THING TO DO, SHERIFF-**ARREST ME!** HERE'S MY GUN. WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING LATER ON!


TARNATION-! I DIDN'T COUNT ON **THIS!**



ALL RIGHT, HOMBRE-**MOVE!**

HEY, LOOK-**THUH SHERIFF'S GOT 'IM!**


GREAT WORK, SHERIFF! LET'S GIT 'IM IN JAIL! HE'S TRICKY!



**LATER, IN TOWN...**

WHUT THUH-! I COULDA SWORN! SENT THET POSSE OFF THUH WRONG WAY!

SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG! LOOKS LIKE THET DURANGO HOMBRE AIN'T SO SMART... WE GOTTA GIT 'IM OUTA JAIL, IDAHO. HE'S NO GOOD TO US BEHIND BARS!



NOW LISSSEN CLOSE, GIT SOME O'THUH BOYS TUH WORK THUH SALOONS. WHIP UP A **LYNCH MOB** SEE?

I GIT IT. WE'LL RAISE A HULLABALOO AN' THEN...





# THE DURANGO KID

THAT NIGHT! A MOB FILLED WITH LYNCH FURY, HOWLS OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT! BRING 'IM OUT!



THEN, THROUGH A BACK DOOR...

COME ON, DURANGO - MOVE! YUH'RE COMIN' WITH US!



WE GOT YORE HORSE FER YUH, DURANGO. HOP ON AN' COME ALONG WITH US!

THEN YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE LYNCH MOB? YOU'RE HELPING ME BREAK JAIL...!



THE T'S RIGHT! WE GOT ORDERS TUH BRING YUH TUH OUR HIDE OUT. YUH'LL NEED A GOOD PLACE TUH LAY LOW FER AWHILE.



LATER, AT THE HIDEOUT...

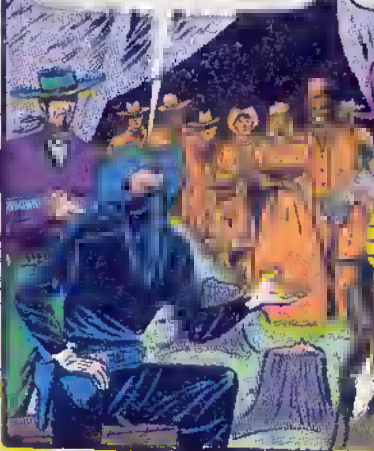
SO - HERE'S WHERE THOSE STAGES AND PASSENGERS ARE!



RIGHT! SMART, HUH? YUH'RE PART OF OUR GANG NOW, DURANGO - THUH BOSS WANTS IT THET WAY. YUH'LL DRAW REGULAR RIDIN' PAY AN YUH'LL TAKE ORDERS - GET IT?



SUITS ME! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD GANG TO HITCH UP WITH, GETTING TIRED OF RIDIN' ALONE!



FINE! WE'RE GOIN' TUH GIT THUH BOSS NOW. YOU STAY HERE AN' HELP THUH BOYS GUARD THEM PRISONERS. SO LONG!



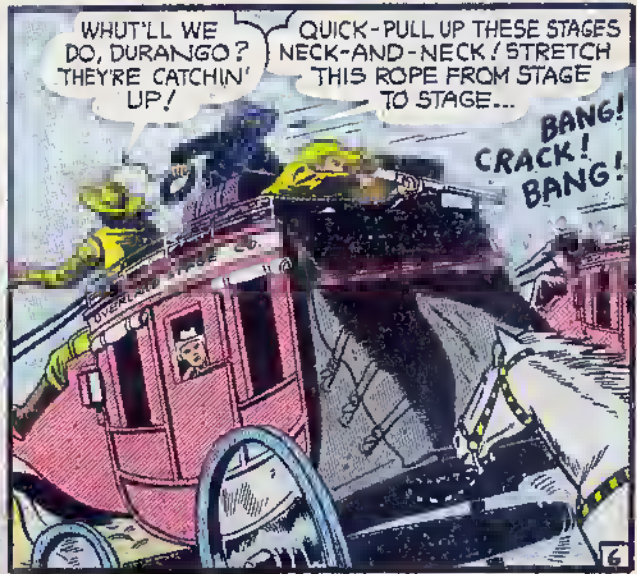
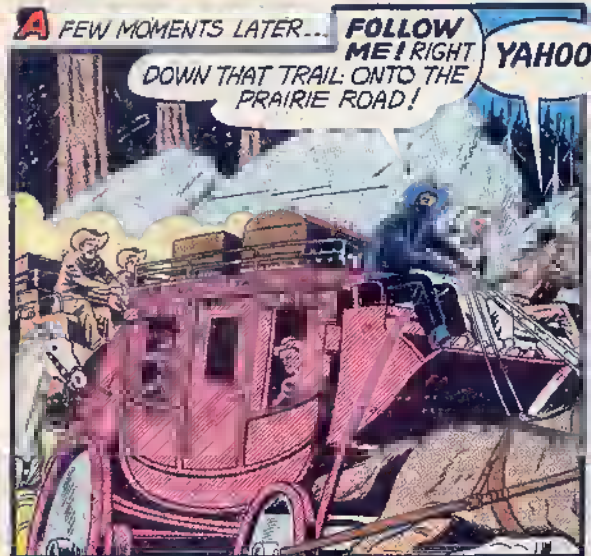
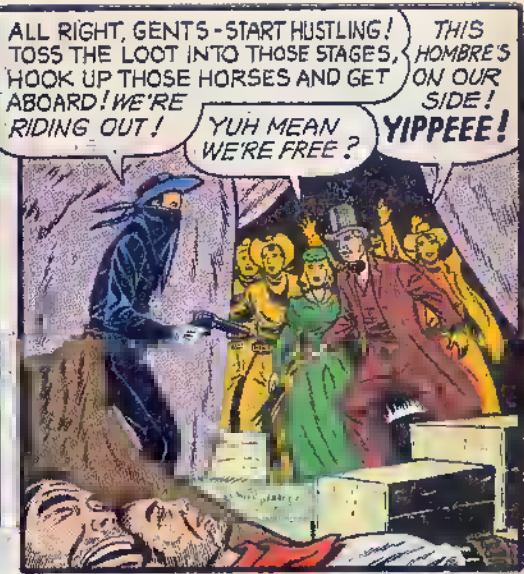
HOW ABOUT TAKIN' OVER FER ME FER A COUPLE MINUTES, DURANGO? - I COULD USE SOME RELIEF.



SURE THING!

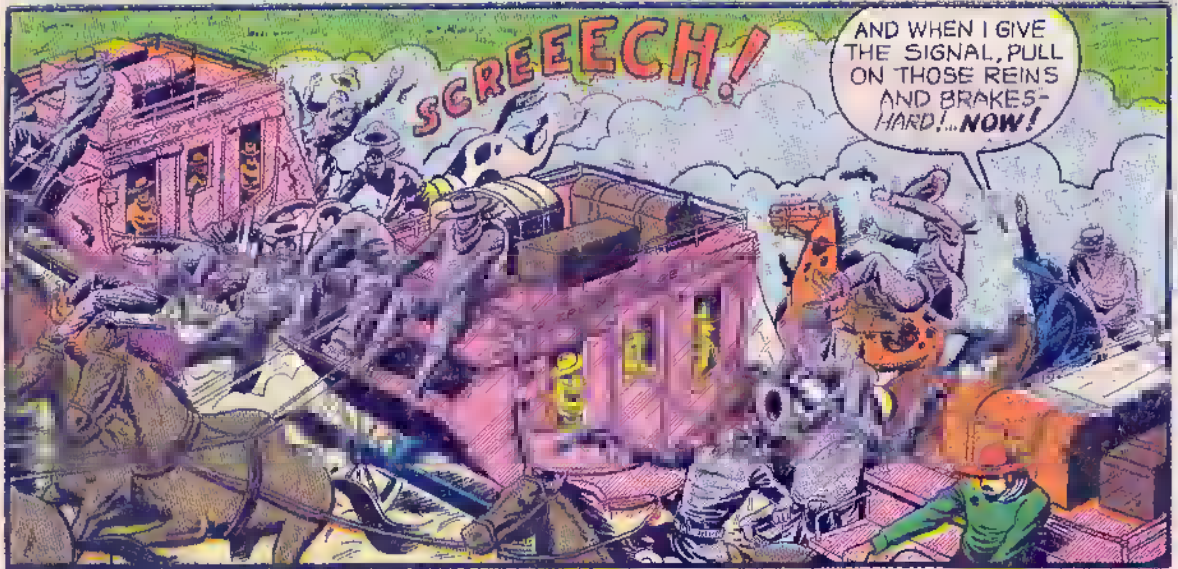


# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID



THE END



# The DURANGO KID

THE CORPSES ARE COLD—BUT THE ACTION'S WARM AS **THE DURANGO KID** RIDES AN ODD CHANCE TO TAKE THE CHILL OFF

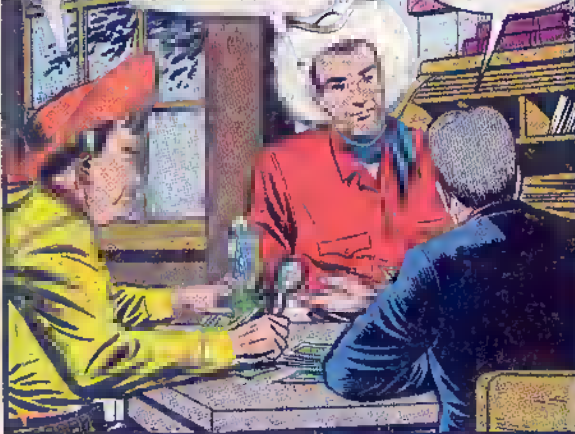
**"THE HOT MONEY!"**

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL...

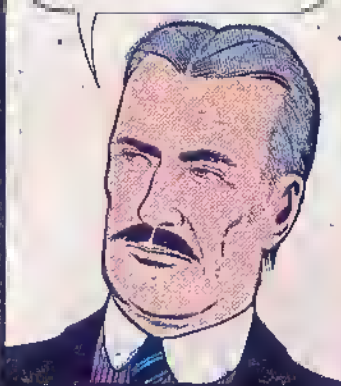
SLICKEST COUNTERFEIT PRODUCE STUFF LIKE THIS, CHIEF-MONEY! THAT'S **POP REMSEN**, A MASTER EVER-ENGRAVER WHO WORKED FOR THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

RIGHT YOU ARE...



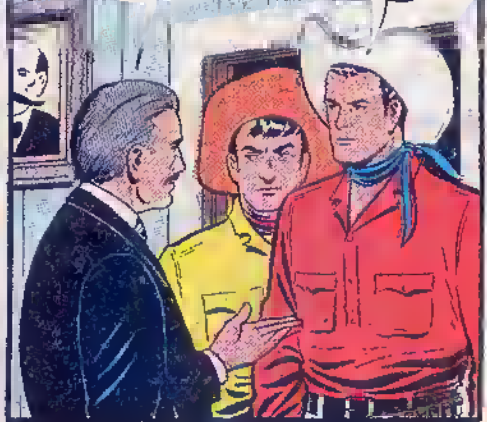
IT'S A GOOD GUESS, STEVE. SEE THAT "R" ENGRAVED IN THIS CORNER? THAT'S POP REMSEN'S SIGNATURE—AND MY HUNCH IS THAT IT'S HIS WAY OF SIGNALING FOR **HELP!**

MY GUESS IS THIS—A COUNTERFEITING GANG HAS KIDNAPPED POP REMSEN AND IS FORCING HIM TO TURN OUT HOT MONEY FOR THEM. YOUR JOB IS TO FIND HIM AND SMASH THAT COUNTERFEIT RING!



WE'VE TRACED THE RING TO SOMEWHERE NEAR BIG ROCK, BUT THAT'S ALL WE KNOW.

THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S GO, MULEY!





# THE DURANGO KID

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER HARD TRAVELING...

GOLLY, I'M TIRED! RECKON WE KIN FRESHEN UP A BIT AT THAT RANCH BEFORE WE HIT TOWN?

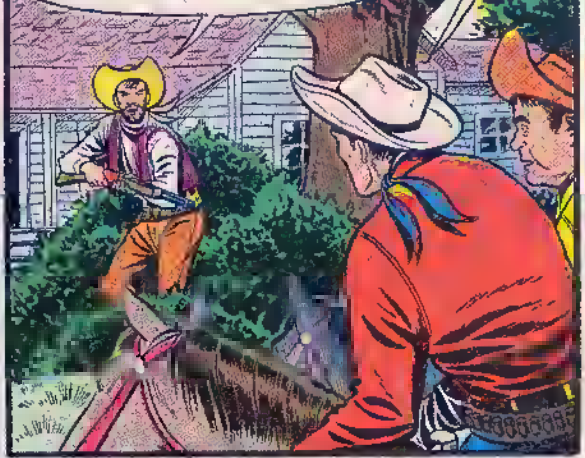
LOOKS ABANDONED TO ME, MULEY. BUT LET'S GO UP AND SEE. AT LEAST IT'LL BE SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT AND THERE MIGHT BE A WELL WHERE WE CAN WASH UP...

BAR-W RANCH

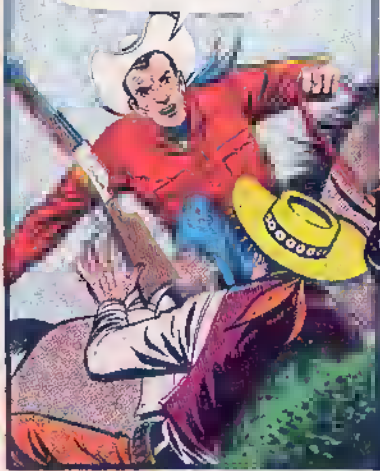


HOLD IT, HOMBRES! THIS HERE'S PRIVATE PROPERTY AN' STRANGERS AIN'T WELCOME. SO JEST TURN AROUND AN' GIT!

WHAT THE-?



WE DON'T NEED A GUN TO TELL US WE'RE NOT WELCOME, MISTER!



SO, I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS LESSON IN HOSPITALITY WITH YOU...



...AND THEN WE'LL LEAVE! I DON'T THINK WE'D ENJOY YOUR COMPANY ANYWAY!

DOWNRIGHT IMPOLITE! I CALL IT!

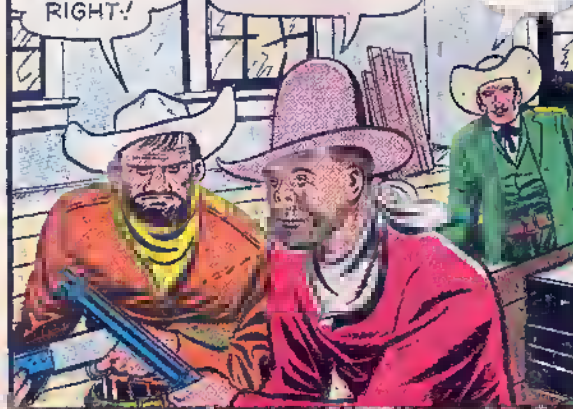


AT THAT MOMENT-IN THE BAR-W RANCH HOUSE...

WOW, THEY STRANGER SHORE ROUGHED UP PETE, ALL RIGHT!

EF HE'DA COME ONE STEP CLOSER TUH THIS RANCH HOUSE, WE'DA FILLED HIM FULLA HOLES!

EVERY-THING OKAY, BOYS?



ALL'S CLEAR. GET THAT PRESS ROLLING, JAKE AND TURN OUT THAT HOT MONEY! GET BACK TO WORK ON THAT TEN-DOLLAR BILL, REMSEN-MAKE IT A GOOD ONE. OR ELSE!

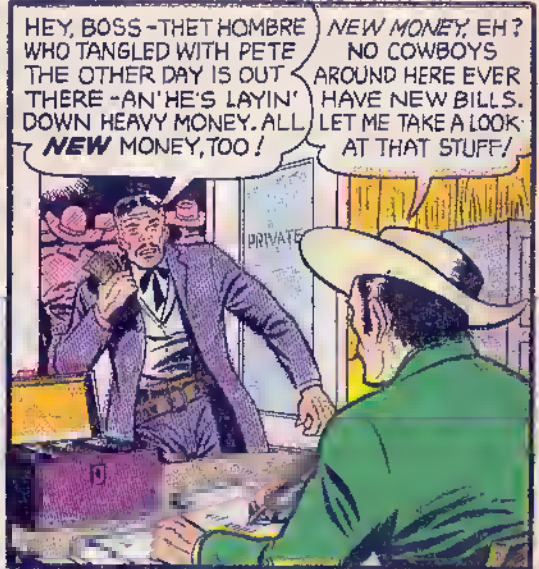
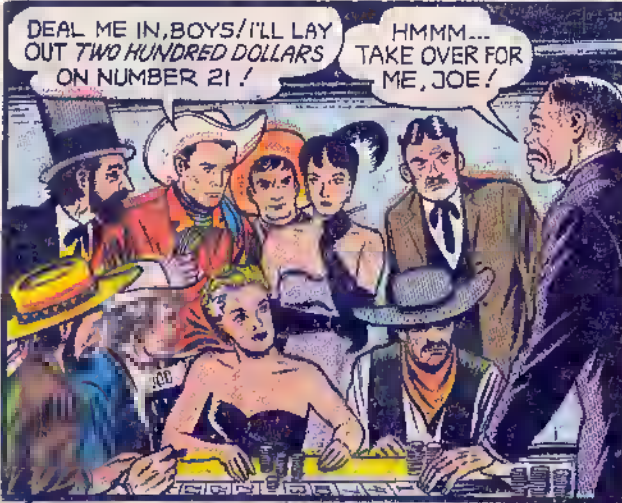
YOU'LL SWING FOR THIS YET, SAM JUDSON!





# THE DURANGO KID

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT SAM JUDSON'S GAMBLING HALL IN BIG ROCK... STEVE AND MULEY PLACE A FEW BETS.

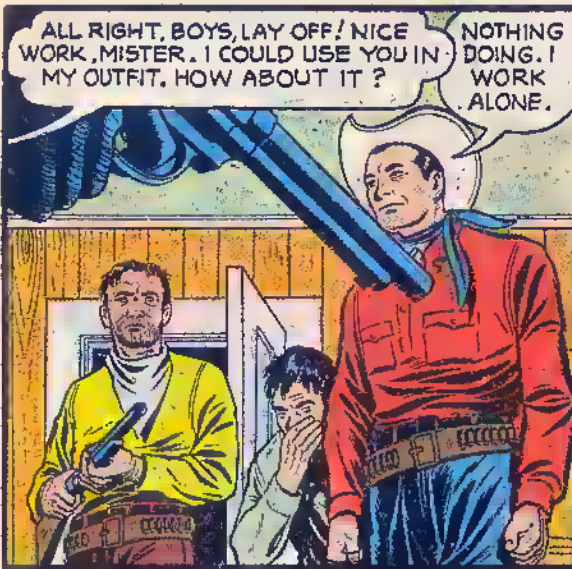


BLAZES! IT'S PHONY MONEY, ALL RIGHT - BUT IT'S EVEN BETTER STUFF THAN WHAT WE'RE PUTTING OUT! SEND THAT HOMBRE IN TO SEE ME - AND SEND IN SOME OF THE BOYS, TOO!



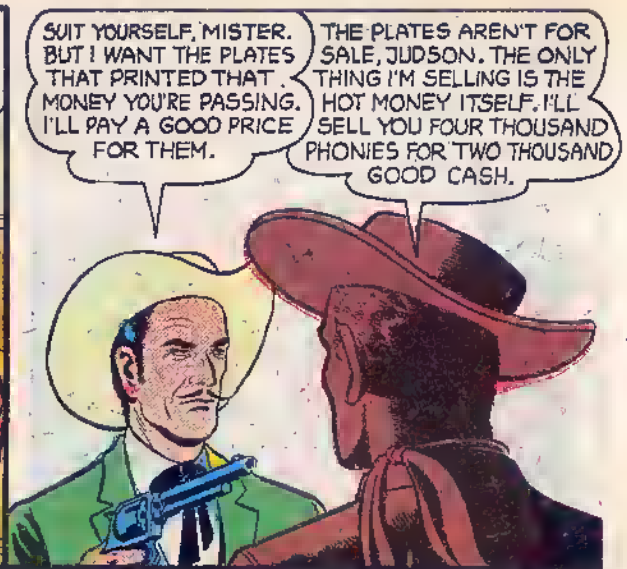


# THE DURANGO KID



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LAY OFF! NICE WORK, MISTER. I COULD USE YOU IN MY OUTFIT. HOW ABOUT IT?

NOTHING DOING. I WORK ALONE.



SUIT YOURSELF, MISTER. BUT I WANT THE PLATES THAT PRINTED THAT MONEY YOU'RE PASSING. I'LL PAY A GOOD PRICE FOR THEM.

THE PLATES AREN'T FOR SALE, JUDSON. THE ONLY THING I'M SELLING IS THE HOT MONEY ITSELF. I'LL SELL YOU FOUR THOUSAND PHONIES FOR TWO THOUSAND GOOD CASH.



LOOKS LIKE THIS GUN DON'T SCARE YOU, MISTER. OKAY, I'LL BUY YOUR HOT STUFF HERE TONIGHT!

I'LL HAVE THE PHONIES... BUT YOU BE SURE YOU'VE GOT THE COLD CASH! SO LONG!



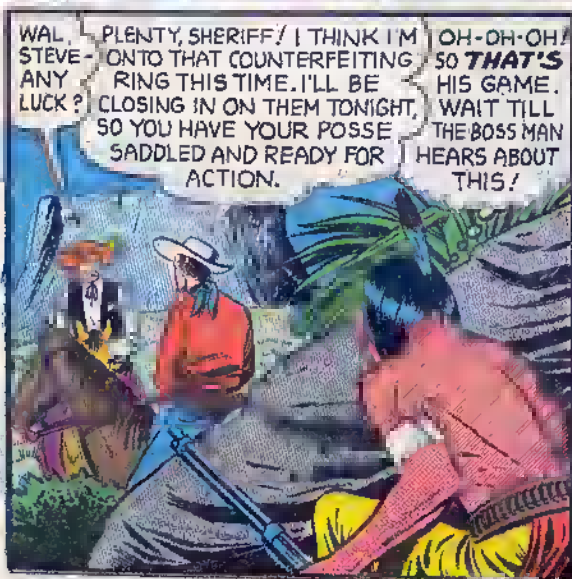
FOLLOW THAT JASPER, INDIAN JOE. MAYBE HE'LL LEAD YOU TO WHERE HIS PLATES ARE HIDDEN.

I GET IT, BOSS.



THERE IS NO MORE CLEVER MAN ON THE TRAIL THAN INDIAN JOE...

SO FAR SO GOOD. BUT THIS STRANGER IS A HARD ONE TO TRAIL, ALL RIGHT.



WAL STEVE- ANY LUCK?

PLENTY, SHERIFF! I THINK I'M ONTO THAT COUNTERFEITING RING THIS TIME. I'LL BE CLOSING IN ON THEM TONIGHT, SO YOU HAVE YOUR POSSE SADDLED AND READY FOR ACTION.

OH-OH-OH! SO THAT'S HIS GAME. WAIT TILL THE BOSS MAN HEARS ABOUT THIS!



INDIAN JOE BURNS UP THE TRAIL BACK TO JUDSON'S GAMBLING HALL.

BLAZES - A DEPUTY MARSHAL! AND I FELL RIGHT INTO THE TRAP! IT'S TIME TO PULL OUT, BOYS - THE LAW'S ON OUR TRAIL. BUT BEFORE WE DO - I'M GOING TO FINISH THAT DEPUTY MARSHAL - AND OLD MAN REINER, TOO!



# THE DURANGO KID



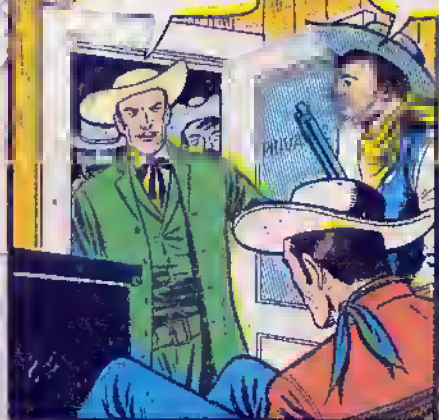
NOT YET-TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THE GAMBLING HALL. WE'LL WAIT TILL WE CLOSE UP FOR THE NIGHT AND THEN WE CAN GET HIM OUT UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS AND GET RID OF HIM WHERE IT'S SAFE...

...MEANWHILE, LET'S GET TO THE HIDEOUT, HIDE OUR EQUIPMENT AND DO AWAY WITH OLD REMSEN. KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM, PETE!

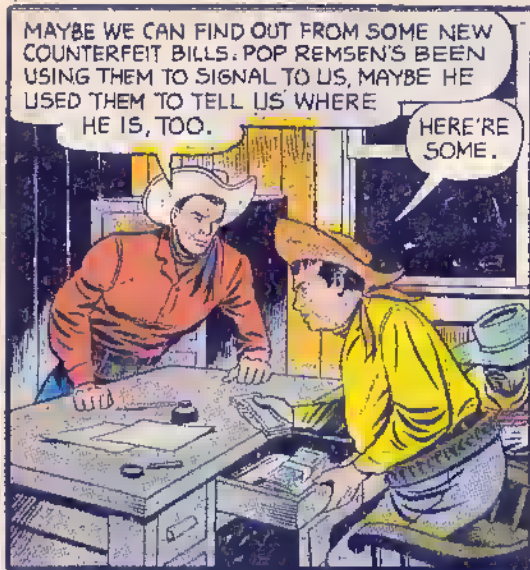
HE WON'T GIT AWAY, BOSS!

JEST DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF HOMBRE, 'CAUSE MY PET HOBBY IS KILLIN' DEPUTY MARSHALS!

THAT SO?







MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT FROM SOME NEW COUNTERFEIT BILLS. POP REMSEN'S BEEN USING THEM TO SIGNAL TO US, MAYBE HE USED THEM TO TELL US WHERE HE IS, TOO.

HERE'RE SOME.

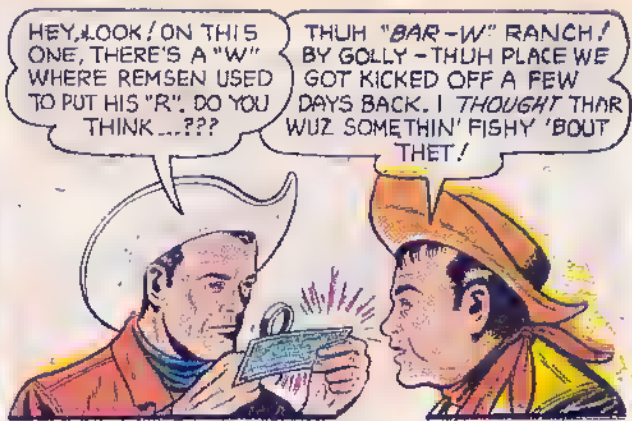


WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO THOSE HOMBRES JUST ISN'T PROPER FOR A DEPUTY MARSHAL! BUT FOR THE DURANGO KID!!!

GO TO IT, PARDNER! I'LL GIT THUH SHERIFF AN' POSSE AN' WE'LL ALL BE THAR TUH BACK YORE PLAY!

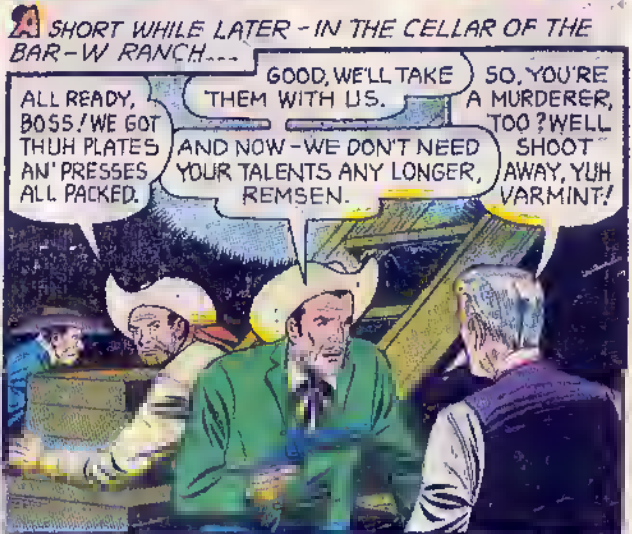


SAY YOUR PRAYERS, REMSEN. WHEN THEY FIND THIS PLACE, IF THEY EVER DO, THEY'LL ONLY BE YOUR BONES TO WELCOME THEM!



HEY, LOOK! ON THIS ONE, THERE'S A "W" WHERE REMSEN USED TO PUT HIS "R". DO YOU THINK...???

THUH "BAR-W" RANCH! BY GOLLY - THUH PLACE WE GOT KICKED OFF A FEW DAYS BACK. I THOUGHT THAR WUZ SOMETHIN' FISHY 'BOUT THET!



ALL READY, BOSS! WE GOT THUH PLATES AN' PRESSES ALL PACKED.

GOOD, WE'LL TAKE THEM WITH US.

SO, YOU'RE A MURDERER, TOO? WELL, SHOOT AWAY, YUH VARMINT!

AND NOW - WE DON'T NEED YOUR TALENTS ANY LONGER, REMSEN.



THERE'S A BONE OR TWO I'D LIKE TO PICK WITH YOU, JUDSON!

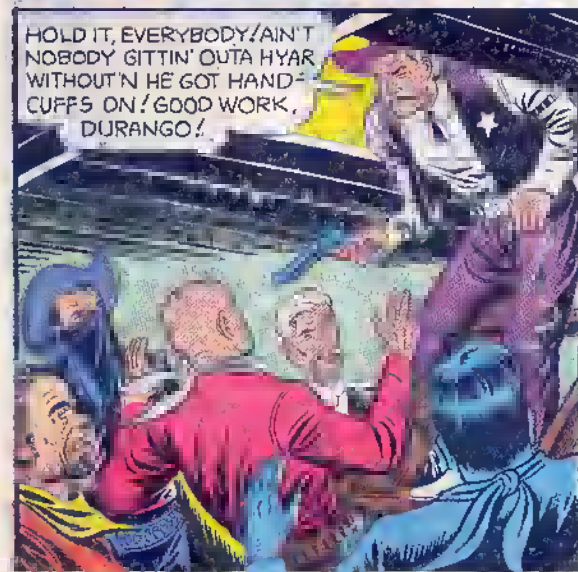
GNNNG!

THE DURANGO KID!

WHO'S SHOVIN'?



# THE DURANGO KID





# GOLD MADNESS



THEY called him Old Pete. That was the only name he had, the only name he needed. From the headwaters of the Pecos River to the Milk River range in Montana, he had roved the plains and mountains, searching for gold. He knew the deserts, and he knew the waterholes. And now Old Pete had reached his goal. His bulging sacks were crammed with a fortune in the elusive yellow metal.

He chortled to himself. "Heh-heh! Dog-gone if I ain't went and done it! Found me as rich a vein of the stuff as anybody ever saw!"

He halted the burro to check the leather thongs that held the worn canvas sacks that hung heavy on the Arizona pack saddle.

"A whole fortune, all for myself. Yessirree-bob! There's nobody as can out-dress or out-spend Old Pete from now on! I found my pile, and I aim to have me some fun!"

It was close to noon when the three riders rein-sawed their horses to a stop. Old Pete had watched them for an hour as they quartered across the desert toward him. He waved a hand in greeting, studying them with wise old eyes, seeing the low-hung Colts, the wear and dust of long, fast travel, the dried foam on the horses' sleek sides.

"Howdy, gents," Old Pete said. "You hombres 're a mite off the trail, ain't yuh? Yuh're cow-ropers!"

The tallest of the three, a man with heavy shoulders and with a reddish scar zigzagging across his lower jaw, nodded glumly. "Lost our way, Pop. I reckon you ain't lost. You old prospectors know these deserts like they were yore own hand. Mind if we ride with yuh?"

Old Pete grunted. He liked loneliness. It didn't suit him to have three cold-eyed men riding side by side with him as he hit in toward River Gap. But he said, "Suit yerselves. But I got to walk. I ain't rich enough to ride a bronc!" Old Pete chuckled in his throat as he plodded on through the sand.

He did not see the three men exchange quick glances at that triumphant chuckle; did not see the eyes narrow in suspicion as they ran over the pack-saddle, over the bulging sacks strapped to the Saint Andrew's cross on the cross-buck. Their lips narrowed, and they pulled their Stetsons lower over their sun-baked faces and rode with their shoulders hunched to the blistering heat.

Heavy Colts revolvers bobbed at their hips, and the dull brown stocks of Winchester 44-40s nodded gently at their horses' every step.

The men rode into the heat and the sunlight, breathing air that seemed cooked in an oven, feeling the noonday sun drain at their bodies, hunting out the moisture and the sweat, evaporating it before it could form on their chests and foreheads. Even Old Pete grunted his approval of them, along about sundown. They, like himself, were of the desert breed.

"Yuh hombres ain't no tenderfeet. Yuh been around. Give me a hand with these packs," he told them. "I'll whup up some supper."

The three men were silent, even while the savory odors filtered from Old Pete's cooking pan and into the cool night air. They sat cross-legged, near their saddles, while their mounts stood less than five feet behind them, ground-reined on the sand. Their cold eyes noted that Old Pete's worn canvas sacks were equally close to him while he cooked with his skillet.

When they were through eating, they pulled Wheeling stogies from their pockets, and offered him one. Old Pete took it, turning it in his fingers. "A poor man's Corona-Corona," he nodded. "Some day I'll have all the Coronas I want."

"Strike it rich, Pop?" asked the young one, a slim, wiry youth who wore a black shirt with pearl buttons, and levis so dark blue that they appeared to match the shirt. His Colts' butt-plates were mother-of-pearl. Old Pete had him tabbed as a dude.

"Nope," said Old Pete. "But I still got hopes."

The man with the scar laughed and gestured at the bulging canvas sacks. "Bet yuh plenty yuh got gold right there in them sacks, Pop," he grinned.

"Nope. Nope, I ain't," almost shouted Old Pete. "You stay away from them sacks!"

The man with the scar chuckled, and got to his feet. "Sure, Pop. Anything you say." But under the wide brim of his Stetson, his eyes touched briefly on the hard faces of his companions. Both of them nodded imperceptibly. They sat and watched Old Pete drag his sacks off to one side of the campfire, where he sat, muttering and mumbling to himself.

The three men finished their cigars in silence, then rose almost as one man, and walked twenty feet away. Old Pete never took his eyes from them as they unrolled their blankets, lay down on them, and with a deft twist, wrapped themselves up like bugs in cocoons.

The old man sat for hours, staring into the dying embers of the fire. He felt the cold chill of the night air go through him. Like



the cold of the grave, he thought. He was marked for death. He knew the signs. Their chuckles and their light talk did not fool him. They knew he carried gold in those sacks. They meant to take it.

Old Pete sighed. The desert breed did not whimper. He thought of the desert and her moods, almost the moods of a woman in their quick change. Those who lived on the desert, like the horned toad and the cactus rat, made the desert a very comfortable place. Knowing what its plants had to offer, they ate and drank where there seemingly was no food or water.

He lifted his head. His eyes were hard and cold. He stared at the three motionless shapes. He got to his feet and went away from them, fifty, then one hundred, then four hundred feet. When he found what he wanted he went to work, taking his long knife from its sheath, and using it.

Dawn came up in a blaze of red fire that tinted the sand and the sotol shrubs with blood. Here and there the blunt stems of an ocotillo stood up beside the giant's fingers of a saguaro cactus. The maguey plant thrust its spiked leaves upward beside the low leaves of the soap plant. The desert was wakening under the touch of the sun's rays.

From where he knelt over his fire, Old Pete watched the three men unroll themselves, stretch, and walk across toward him, shaking their blankets free of sand. The man with the jaw-scar came to stand in front of Old Pete. "How far are we from River Gap, Pop?" he wanted to know.

"Not far," said Old Pete. "'Bout thirty mile as the hawk flies."

The man with the scar nodded. "I reckon yuh know who we are." His voice came hard and cold. "Mebbe yuh don't know our faces, but yuh sure know we ain't cowpokes."

"Yore hands are too soft to know 'bout lassos-an' brandin' irons," nodded Old Pete. "Yuh know more 'bout cards an' guns than yuh do 'bout honest work."

The scarfaced man chuckled. "You use yore eyes — like we do."

Old Pete looked up sharply, fighting down the fear that crept up from his guts and out through his throat to his trembling lips. The man with the scar said, "Open those sacks!"

"No, by — !"

The man whirled him, a hand to his shoulder, sending him ten feet away and into the sand. The youth with the black shirt dropped his right hand and lifted a Colt, holding it aimed at Old Pete's middle. The man with the scar upended a sack on his saddle blanket. A score of big gold nuggets tumbled out. The youth with the black shirt swore in awe.

Old Pete jumped while their eyes were fastened to his nuggets. His hands dove for

the gun that the youth held, wrestling for it. The third man moved swiftly, circling around behind Old Pete. His Colt was held in his right hand. He shot once, twice, three times. Old Pete jerked convulsively, and fell forward, face down.

The man with the scar appraised him with his eyes, and nodded. He swept up the nuggets and replaced them in the canvas sacks. "He'll never talk now. He can't do anything to us. We'll hit for River Gap. It's only thirty miles away . . ."

Sheriff Luke Herbert bent over the dead man lying face down in the desert sand. He glanced up at the sun, and made a swift calculation. He shook his head. Old Pete had been dead many hours, now. No time to get him in to River Gap. He had to be buried here, with stones over him to mark his grave.

He was unstrapping his short-handled spade when he saw the three men staggering toward him across the blazing sands. At first they were dots moving erratically, then they grew larger, and larger. The sheriff put a hand on his holstered gun, and waited.

When they were within fifty feet, he knew them. He had seen the reward dodgers for these three killers who had come down into the New Mexico deserts from the Utah badlands. They were badly exhausted. Their tongues were black, swollen. Their lips were cracked. *They need water*, he thought swiftly. His eyes took in the canteens fastened to their saddlehorns. *Men without water travel in a circle on the desert.*

A man with a scar on his jaw croaked, "Water . . . water . . . water . . ."

When the sheriff saw the sacks, he guessed the rest — especially when the boy in the black shirt saw the dead man and began to laugh with shrill hysteria in his voice, pointing down at him, staggering around weakly.

"Water . . . water . . ." mumbled the man with the scar, clawing at his throat. "We'll tell yuh . . . only . . . give us . . . water! We did him in. The gold . . . was his. He told us . . . River Gap only thirty miles away. We shot him . . . took gold. But he got us . . . got us . . . like the desert breed he is!"

The sheriff went to a big canteen and put it to his lips. He spat out the soapy water. The other man nodded. "He must've hacked up the roots of a soap plant . . . Indians use 'em fer soap. Dropped 'em in our canteens. Jogging of the horses stirred soap-plant roots an' water . . ."

The sheriff nodded. A man can't drink soapy water under a desert sun. It would get him after a while, as it had these killers. "There's an old sayin' around these parts that the desert takes care of its own," he told them, as he drew out his handcuffs and walked toward them.

— THE END. —



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# The DURANGO KID

CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES? IT'S **DURANGO**, ALL RIGHT, RIDING THE RANNAHAN TRAIL, SHOOTING AN OUTLAW GUN - IN

*Hear The Owl Hoot!"*

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

KEEP YOUR HANDS FULL OF AIR, FOLKS, AND COME WITH ME!

THIS IS JEST PLAIN **KIDNAPPIN'!** YOU'LL GIT YOURS FOR THIS **DURANGO!**

DAW-GONE! LOOKIT US - **DEPUTY SHERIFFS!** WE SHORE PULLED THUH WOOL OVER THEIR EYES!

RIGHT! HAW-HAW! AIN'T **NUTHIN'** KIN STOP US NOW FROM TAKIN' OVER THUH TOWN!

NOTHING. THAT IS - EXCEPT THUH SHERIFF! YOU'RE RIGHT, SI! AN' DON'T FERGIT **THUH DURANGO KID!** WE GOTTA GIT RID O' BOTH OF 'EM SOMEHOW!

WE'LL GIT RID OF 'EM, ALL RIGHT. YOU HOMBRES SHORE TEAMED UP WITH BRAINS WHEN YUH TEAMED UP WITH SI STONE! TAKE A LOOK AT **THIS!**

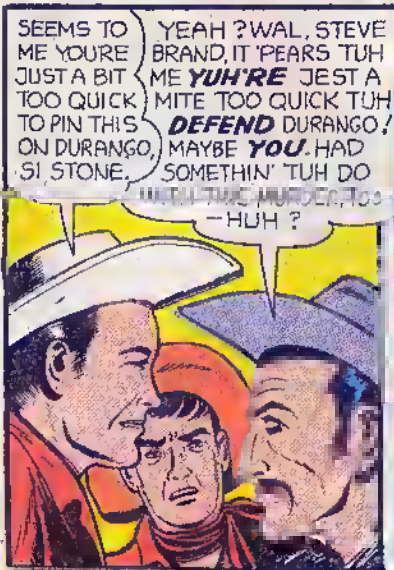
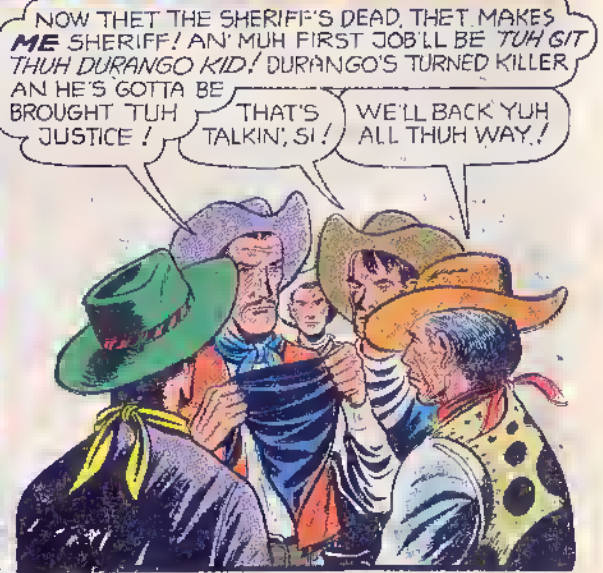
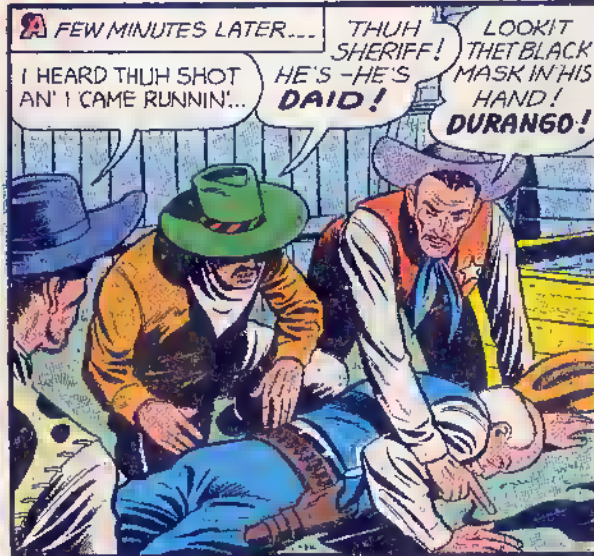
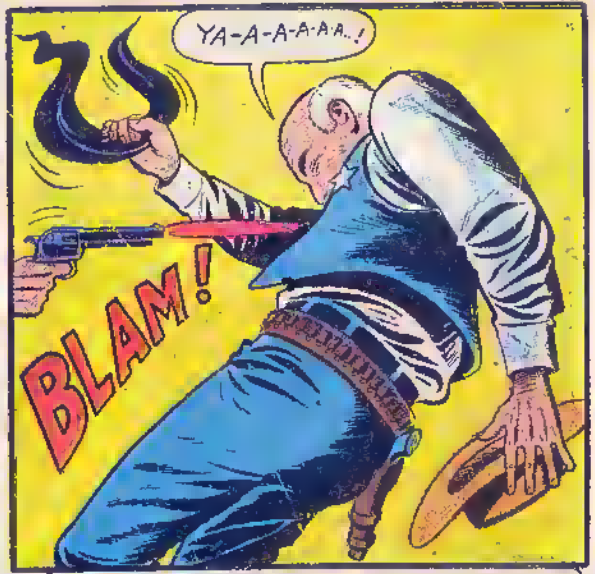
HEY! THET'S JEST LIKE THE OUTFIT DURANGO WEARS!

RIGHT! NOW-HERE'S MY PLAN...



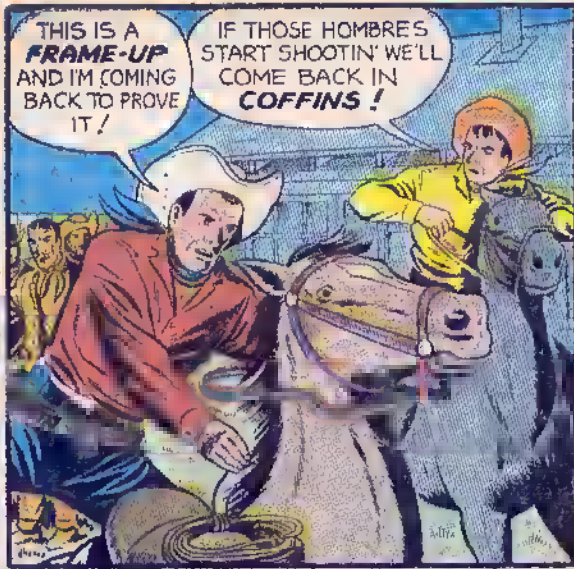
# THE DURANGO KID

LATER, BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...





# THE DURANGO KID



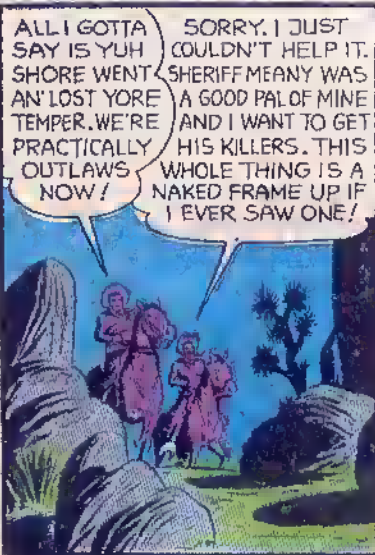
THIS IS A **FRAME-UP** AND I'M COMING BACK TO PROVE IT!

IF THOSE HOMBRES START SHOOTIN' WE'LL COME BACK IN **COFFINS**!



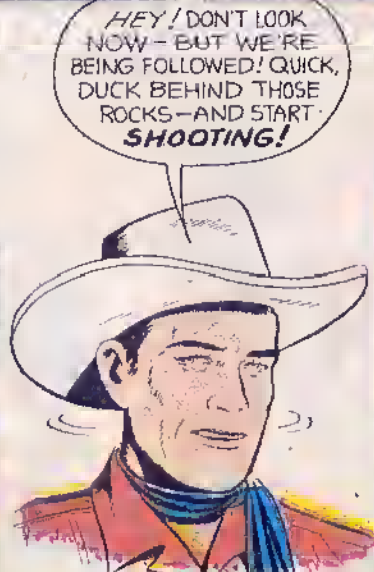
PETE / JOE / TRAIL THOSE TWO! STEVE BRAND ALWAYS WAS BUDDIES WITH THUH DURANGO KID - MAYBE **HE'LL** LEAD YUH TUH DURANGO'S HIDEOUT! KEEP OUTA SIGHT, NOW!

RIGHT, BOSS! LET'S GO, JOE!

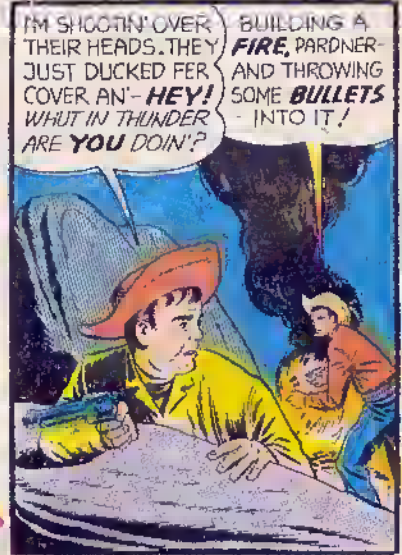


ALL I GOTTA SAY IS YUH SHORE WENT AN' LOST YORE TEMPER. WE'RE PRACTICALLY OUTLAWS NOW!

SORRY, I JUST COULDN'T HELP IT. SHERIFF MEANY WAS A GOOD PAL OF MINE AND I WANT TO GET HIS KILLERS. THIS WHOLE THING IS A NAKED FRAME UP IF I EVER SAW ONE!



HEY! DON'T LOOK NOW - BUT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! QUICK, DUCK BEHIND THOSE ROCKS - AND START **SHOOTING!**



I'M SHOOTIN' OVER THEIR HEADS. THEY JUST DUCKED FER COVER AN' - **HEY!** WHUT IN THUNDER ARE **YOU** DOIN'?

BUILDING A **FIRE**, PARTNER - AND THROWING SOME **BULLETS** INTO IT!



I GIT IT / THOSE HOMBRES WILL THINK **WE'RE** STILL SHOOTIN' AT'EM! SMART!

LET'S GO - AROUND THIS WAY...



CAN'T FIGGER OUT HOW THEY WISED UP TO US.

**BAM!**  
**BA-BAM!**

LAY LOW - THEY'RE STILL SHOOTIN' AWAY!



# THE DURANGO KID



LOOKING FOR US, MAYBE?  
DROP THOSE GUNS, HOMBRES—  
AND TAKE OFF YOUR  
BOOTS AND PANTS!

YIIII—  
THEY  
SURROUNDED  
US!

I'LL  
SPOOK  
THEIR  
BRONCS.

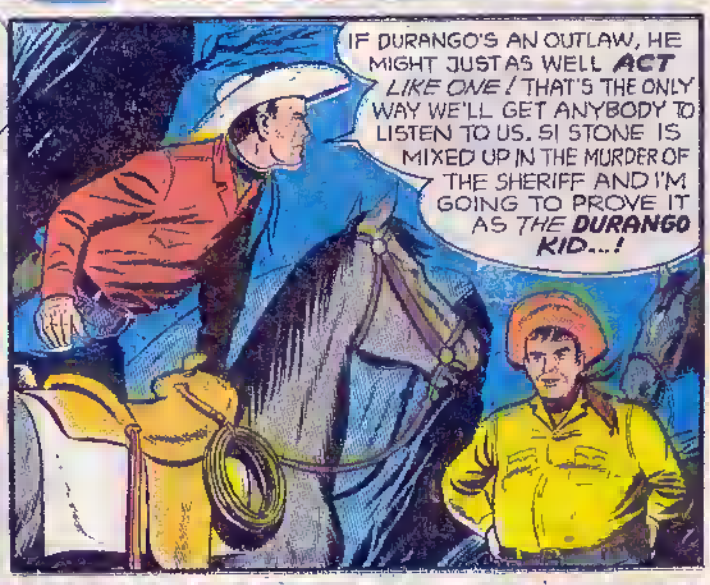


IT'S A LONG WALK BACK  
TO YOUR BOSS, BOYS. HIT  
THE TRAIL—AND TELL SI  
STONE I'LL BE SEEING  
HIM.

HAW-HAW-HAW-  
HEE-HEE-YAK-YAK!  
FUNNIEST THING I'VE  
SEEN IN YEARS!



GULP!—WHUT AM I LAUGHIN'  
AT? WE'RE **REALLY** OUTLAWS NOW!  
SI STONE'LL HAVE THUH WHOLE TOWN  
AFTER US! WE AIN'T GOT A FRIEND IN  
THUH WORLD! NOBODY'LL LISTEN TO US—  
EVEN **DURANGO'S** AN OUTLAW!



IF DURANGO'S AN OUTLAW, HE  
MIGHT JUST AS WELL **ACT**  
**LIKE ONE!** THAT'S THE ONLY  
WAY WE'LL GET ANYBODY TO  
LISTEN TO US. SI STONE IS  
MIXED UP IN THE MURDER OF  
THE SHERIFF AND I'M  
GOING TO PROVE IT  
AS **THE DURANGO**  
**KID...!**



THE NEXT FEW DAYS...  
THIS IS **KIDNAPPIN'**  
DURANGO—AND YOU'LL  
GIT YOURS FER IT!

JUST KEEP  
MOVING,  
MEN!

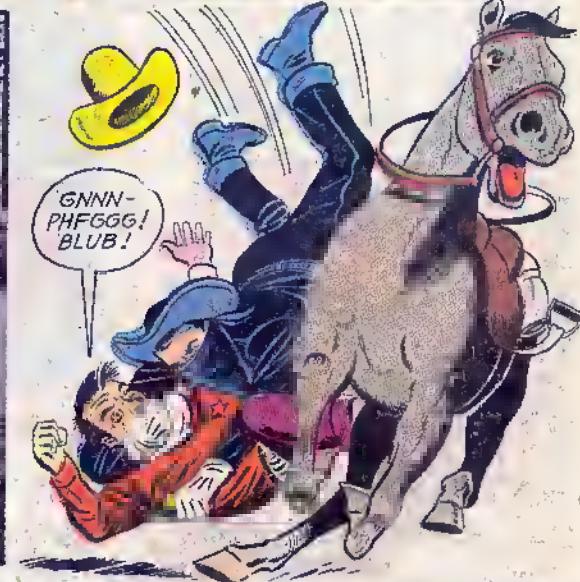
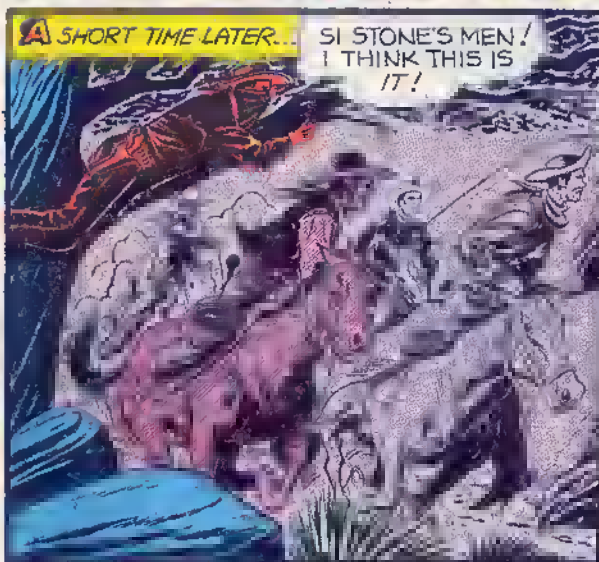
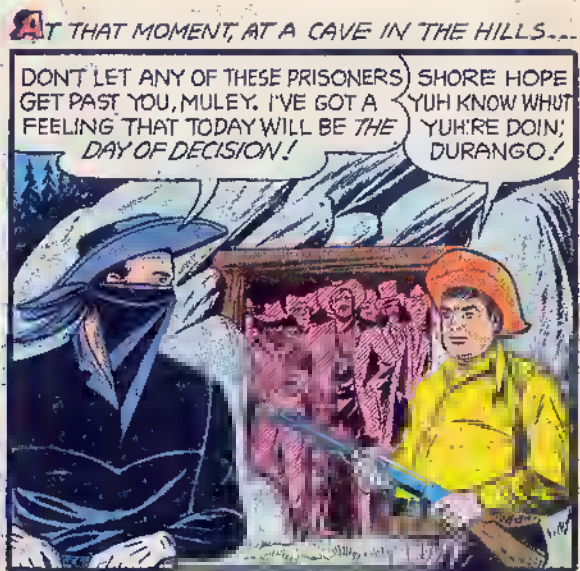
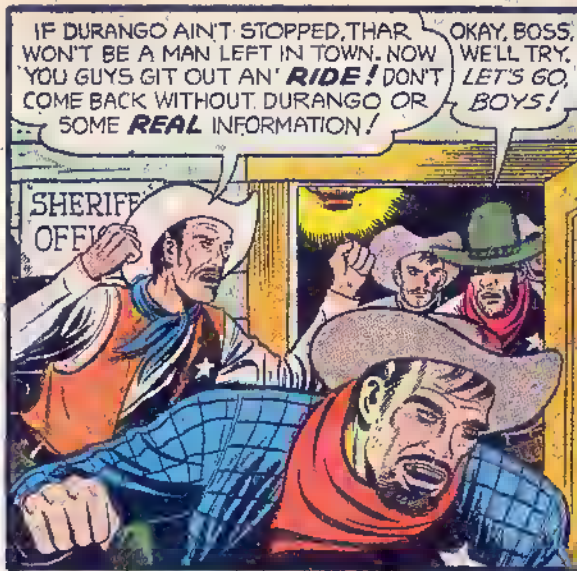
KEEP YOUR HANDS  
UP HIGH, BOYS—AND  
COME ALONG WITH  
ME!

WHUT THUH—  
**DURANGO** ON  
THUH OWLHOOT  
TRAIL!

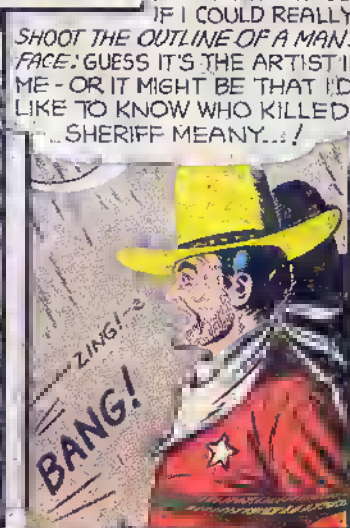
IT'S NOT YOUR  
**MONEY** I'M  
AFTER, COWBOY—  
I WANT **YOU!**



# THE DURANGO KID



DURANGO BRINGS HIS PRISONER TO THE HIDEOUT...





# THE DURANGO KID



**NO! NO! NO MORE!**  
I'LL TALK - IT WUZ SI STONE!  
HE WANTED TUH BE SHERIFF AN'  
RUN THUH TOWN! ALL US  
DEPUTIES IS HIRED GUNSLINGERS-  
SI HIRED US FER THUH JOB.  
BUT I AIN'T HURT NOBODY-  
HONEST...



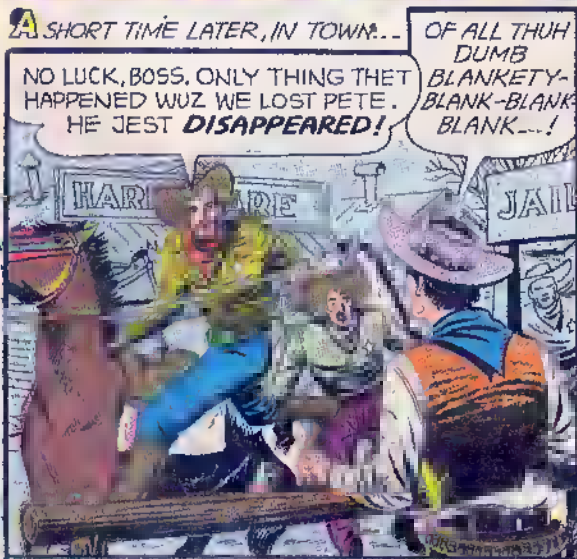
WE HEARD  
THET- **EVERY**  
**WORD!**

SO **THAT'S** HOW IT WUZ!  
WAIT'LL I GIT MUH HANDS  
ON SI STONE!



THAT'S WHY I HAD TO  
KIDNAP YOU MEN AND BRING  
YOU HERE. YOU WERE ALL  
AGAINST ME - THIS WAS THE  
ONLY WAY I COULD GET YOU  
TO HEAR THE TRUTH!

GIVE THEM BACK THEIR  
GUNS, MULEY - WE'VE  
GOT WORK TO DO!



**A** SHORT TIME LATER, IN TOWN...  
NO LUCK, BOSS. ONLY THING THET  
HAPPENED WUZ WE LOST PETE.  
HE JEST **DISAPPEARED!**

OF ALL THUH  
DUMB  
BLANKETY-  
BLANK-BLANK  
BLANK...!



HEY,  
BOSS--  
**LOOK!**

**BLAZES!** IT'S ALL THOSE GUYS THAT  
DISAPPEARED - AND DURANGO'S LEAD-  
ING THEM! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE  
THING. GET INSIDE, BOYS - AND  
**START SHOOTIN'!**



DON'T TAKE ANY RISKS. MEN - THOSE  
HOMBRES AREN'T WORTH IT! KEEP ME  
COVERED - I'LL GRAB THIS AXE AND...

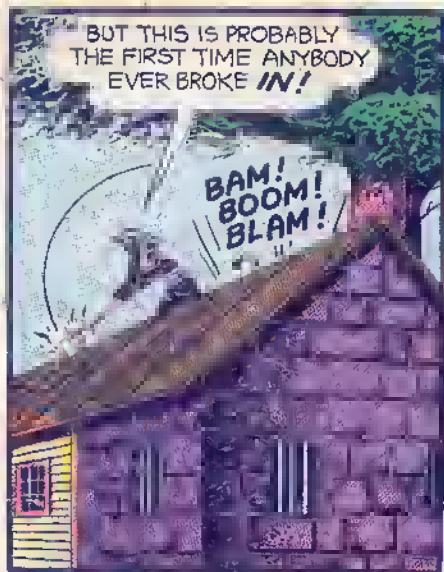


I'VE HEARD  
OF PLENTY OF  
BREAKS OUT  
OF JAIL...

**BANG!**  
**BLAM!**  
**BAM!**



# THE DURANGO KID





# THE TOY THAT GROWS!

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## THE MAGIC PLANT

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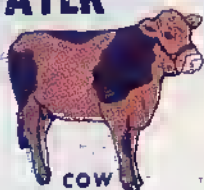
**JUST ADD WATER  
AND WATCH  
IT GROW!**



BEANS



HEN  
AND  
EGG



COW



HARP



COW'S  
OWNER



JACK'S COTTAGE

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK ROOM 301  
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This offer expires Dec 1953

NO C.O.D.s

JACK and the  
BEANSTALK DEPT. D, ROOM 301  
11 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK 7, N. Y.



# Dan Brand and Tipi

IN A DEEP WOODLAND,  
A TENSE DRAMA OF  
LIFE AND DEATH GRINDS  
TO THE BITTER END.  
THE LAW OF THE WILD-  
ERNESS IS GRIM AND  
ITS RUTHLESS FACE  
IS SEEN IN—

THE REVENGE  
OF BALU



BALU, THE WHITE WOLF, MONARCH OF THE  
FOREST, SCENTS A HATED MAN-SMELL!

G-G-R-R-  
R-R-R!



THERE IS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT SCENT!  
THE WHITE WOLF IS UNEASY, FEARFUL. THE MEMORY  
OF A HATED THING MAKES HIS HACKLES RISE. HE  
BAYS HIS HATE TO THE MOON!

E-E-R-R-R-R-O-O-O-W



AND FROM WHERE DOES THIS HATED MAN-SMELL  
COME? FROM **SI BANNIS**, RENEGADE BRITISH SPY  
— ARCH ENEMY OF **DAN BRAND**!!

GOT HIM IN MY SIGHTS AT LAST!  
THAT BLASTED WOLF'S BEEN  
TRAILING ME FOR TWO  
DAYS, HOWLING LIKE  
THAT EVERY  
NIGHT...  
I  
CAN'T  
SLEEP...



THE RIFLE SHOT BLASTS THE FOREST SILENCE...



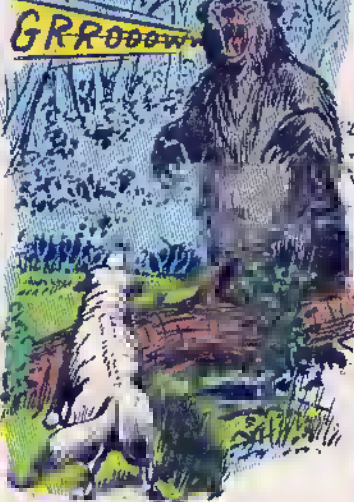


# THE DURANGO KID

A BULLET IMBEDDED IN HIS SHOULDER, THE WHITE WOLF GOES IN SEARCH OF A HIDING PLACE



...AND RUNS SMACK INTO AN OLD ENEMY OF HIS!



MANY A TIME THE VALIANT WHITE WOLF HAS SENT THE BEAR HOWLING HOMEWARD, LICKING HIS WOUNDS. BUT NOW, BALU IS WEAK AND WOUNDED. THE BEAR SMELLS BLOOD—AND VENGEANCE!



IT LOOKS BAD FOR BALU, MONARCH OF THE FOREST!

RRRAAAA!



BUT THEN!

GRRROW!

DAN, LOOK—IT'S BALU! AND HE'S IN TROUBLE!

QUICK—GET THAT BEAR! YOU TAKE HIM FROM THE REAR...



CAREFUL, BROTHER, HE'S DANGEROUS!

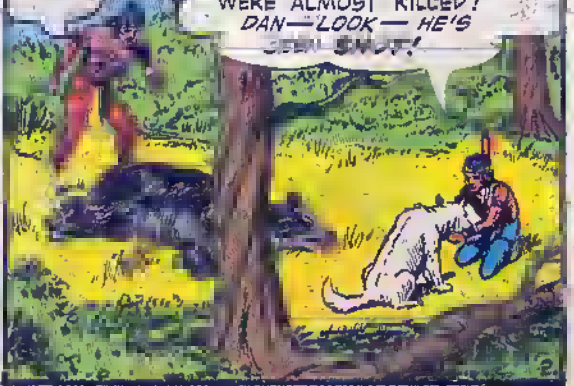
CAREFUL, YOURSELF!



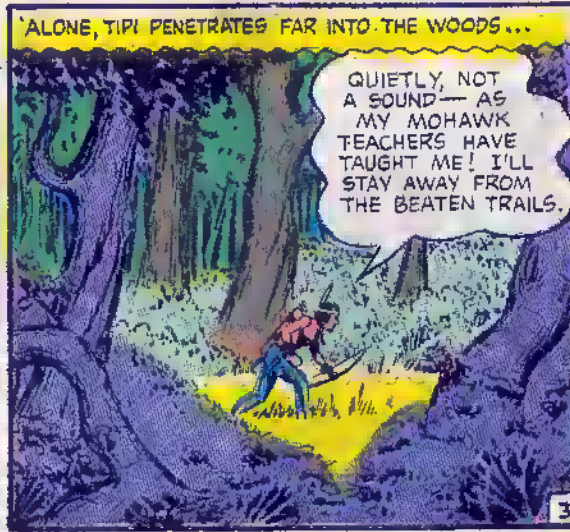
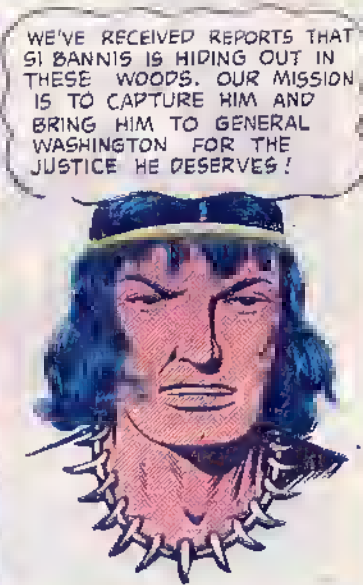
NO BEAST IS A MATCH FOR THE MIGHTIEST HUNTERS IN ALL THE FOREST—DAN BRAND AND TIFI!—WOODSMEN SUPREME!

THAT DID IT!

BALU! BALU—IT'S US, DAN AND TIFI! OH, BALU, YOU WERE ALMOST KILLED! DAN—LOOK—HE'S BEEN SHOT!

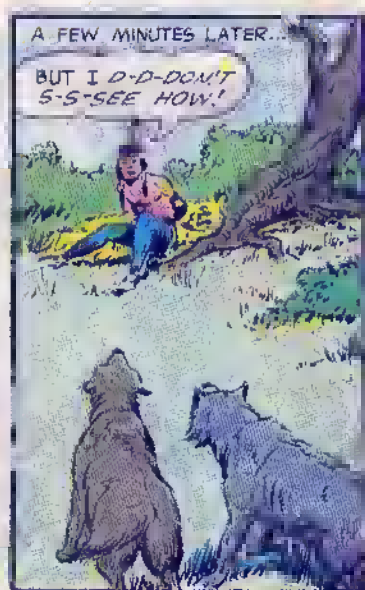
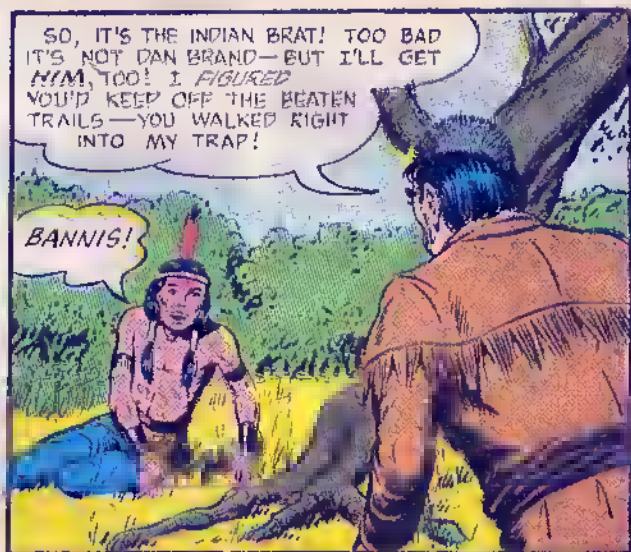








# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID



BEAUTIFUL, BALU! AH, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ME OUT OF THIS TRAP...



GO GET DAN, BALU! GO GET DAN, BOY! QUICK! QUICK!

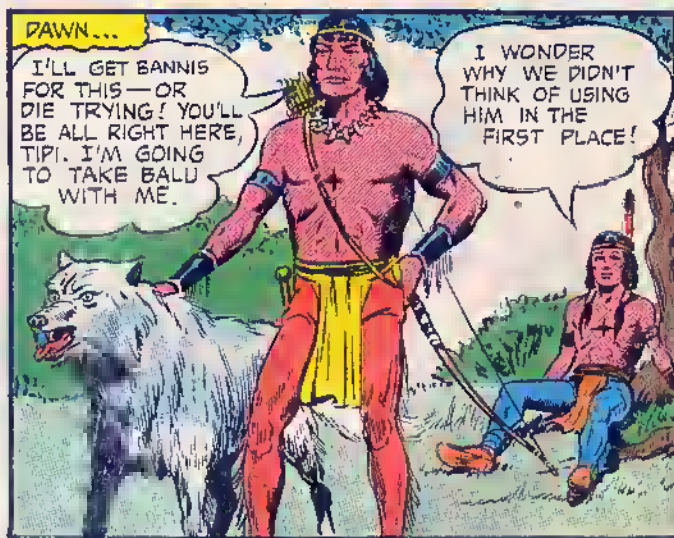


AH, BALU! HURRY, HURRY! DAN, WHERE ARE YOU? MUST KEEP CONSCIOUS... MUST KEEP... AHHHHHHH...



A LITTLE LATER...

TUPI!



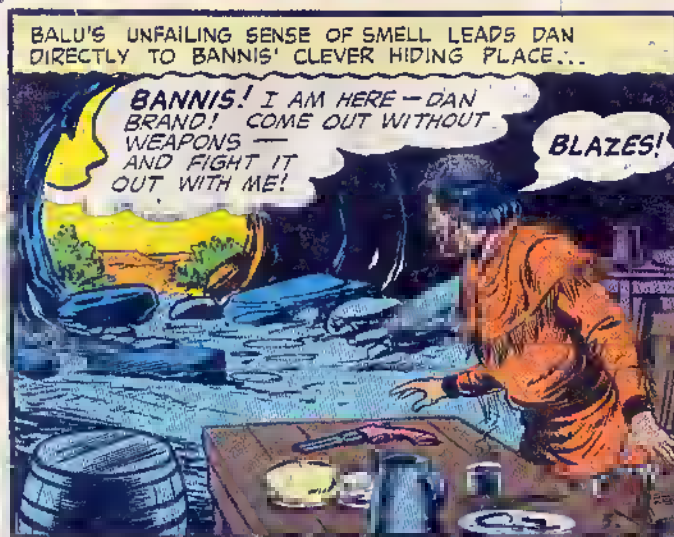
DAWN...

I'LL GET BANNIS FOR THIS—OR DIE TRYING! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT HERE, TIPI. I'M GOING TO TAKE BALU WITH ME.

I WONDER WHY WE DIDN'T THINK OF USING HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE!



THE MAN SMELL, BALU—GO GET HIM!



BALU'S UNFAILING SENSE OF SMELL LEADS DAN DIRECTLY TO BANNIS' CLEVER HIDING PLACE...

BANNIS! I AM HERE—DAN BRAND! COME OUT WITHOUT WEAPONS—AND FIGHT IT OUT WITH ME!

BLAZES!



# THE DURANGO KID





Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S \$50

TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

It's Fun to  
Earn Money  
the Easy  
Stuart Way!



## Take Easy Orders For STUART GREETING CARDS

Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Christmas, birthdays and other year 'round occasions. We send you the samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost *everybody* buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

### YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE TO EARN!

Exciting new 21-Card Christmas Assortment at \$1 is a bargain that sells itself. Yet you keep up to 50¢ of each \$1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and \$50 is yours! Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

### GET SAMPLES ON FREE TRIAL!

Send no money! We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon.

You, Too, Can  
Make Money For The  
Things You  
Really  
Want!



### It's Easy To Make Money... Look At These Exceptional Earning Records

- K.W.C., Geneva, Nebr., made \$64.00
- K.C., Marion, Ind., made \$52.00
- J.D., Milwaukee, Wis., made \$108.00
- S.W., Chicago, Ill., made \$147.00
- R.B., Madway, Mass., made \$59.00
- D.S., Boulder, Colo., made \$55.00
- D.B., Holland, Mich., made \$30.00
- W.A., Goodland, Ind., made \$59.00

### CLUB MEMBERS!

Your organization can earn hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven STUART fund-raising plan. Send coupon for full details.

**STUART GREETINGS, INC.**

325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 425, Chicago 6, Ill.

MAIL  
COUPON  
NOW

**STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 425**  
325 W. Randolph St., Chicago 6, Ill.

YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

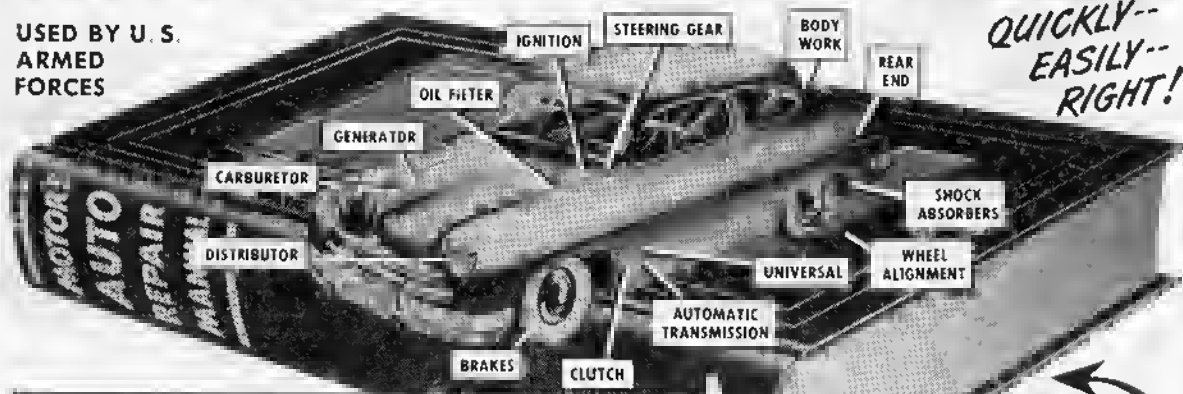
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If for a club, give its name above.



# HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U. S.  
ARMED  
FORCES



QUICKLY--  
EASILY--  
RIGHT!

**NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic—You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB! MOTOR'S BRAND-NEW 1953 AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows You HOW—With 2500 PICTURES AND SIMPLE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS.**

**Free 7-DAY TRIAL**  
Return and Pay Nothing  
If Not Satisfied!

**COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1935 THRU 1953**

**YES**, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

No guesswork! MOTOR'S Manual takes nothing for granted. Tells you where to start. What tools to use. Then it leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

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**BRAND-NEW REVISED Edition** covers everything you need to know to repair 907 car models. 850 giant pages, 2500 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 200 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 37,000 essential repair specifications. Over 227,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you can't go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch

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Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MOTOR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 189 Official Shop Manuals, "boiled it down" into

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**SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen — return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: **MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 188, 250 West 55th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.**

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Covers EVERY job on EVERY popular make gasoline truck, tractor made from 1938 thru 1952. **FREE 7-Day Trial.** Check proper box in coupon.

**Covers 907 Models—All These Makes**

Buick	Henry J	Nash Rambler
Cadillac	Hudson	Oldsmobile
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Peekerd
Chrysler	Lafayette	Plymouth
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De Soto	Lincoln	Studebaker
Dodge	Mercury	Temple
Ford	Nash	Willis
Fraser		



**Many Letters of Praise from Users**  
"MOTOR'S Manual paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork."  
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**He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed motor another mechanic had worked on half a day. With your Manual I did it in 30 minutes.**  
—C. AUBERRY, Tenn.



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Rush to me at once (check box opposite book you want):

☐ **MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit \$1 in 7 days, \$2 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 95c (plus 35c delivery charge) one month after that. Otherwise I will return the book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$5 cash with order.)

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Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check box and save 35c shipping charge by enclosing WITH coupon entire payment of \$5.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$8 for Truck and Tractor Repair Manual.) Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.



**JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS  
ON THE BEAM!**

**GIVEN!**

**BOYS! GIRLS!  
LADIES!  
MEN!**

**WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!**

**MAIL  
COUPON**

Football,  
Pocket  
Watch,  
etc.

Fishing Outfit,  
Flashlight,  
1000 Shot  
Daisy Air Rifle

**ACT  
NOW!**

**HURRY**

**WE ARE RELIABLE!**

Comet, Corn Poppers, Speedball  
Cartoon Set, Aluminum Ware,  
Blankets (sent post-  
age paid). Mail  
coupon for SALVE  
and picture to start.

**ACT  
NOW**

**BE  
FIRST**

Food Chop-  
pers, Carving  
Set, Bibber,  
Mail coupon.

**LOOK!**

Football, Tele-  
scopes (sent postage  
paid). Boys', Girls' Bi-  
cycles (express  
chgt. collect).

**ACT  
NOW!**

**ACT NOW**

Ukelele,  
Watch,  
Lovable  
Della.



Radios,  
Candid Camera with carry-  
ing case, Telescope, Roller  
Skates (sent postage paid).  
Mail coupon to start.



**LET'S  
GO!**

**WE TRUST  
YOU!**

22 Cal.  
Rifles, Arch-  
ery Sets, School  
Boxes, Wallets.  
Mail coupon for  
SALVE and  
picture to start.

**ACT NOW!**

Boys',  
Girls' Wrist  
Watches,  
Baking Set,  
Typewriters,  
etc.

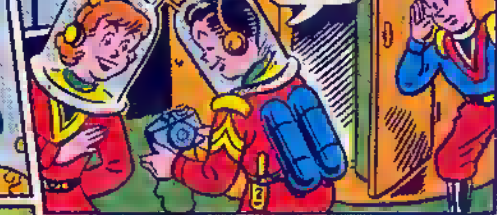
Lucite  
Dresser  
Set, Cook  
Books, etc.

**ACT NOW!**

SAY! THAT CAMERA  
SURE IS SUPERSONIC!  
YOU MUST HAVE  
STRUCK A  
URANIUM LODE!

DIDN'T COST  
ME A DIME-  
JUST GOT IT FOR  
SELLING WHITE  
CLOVERINE  
BRAND  
SALVE!

HURRY  
AN' GET  
DE-PRES-  
SURIZED!

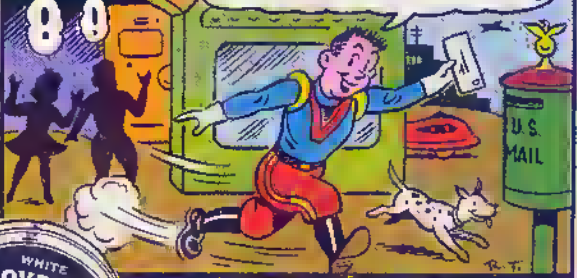


I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO  
AND A TELESCOPE TOO!  
IT'S EASY SELLING TO  
YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU  
GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART  
PICTURES -

THAT'S  
FOR ME!



OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING  
THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW  
PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!



**OUR 58th YEAR**

Alarm Clock,  
Pen & Pencil  
Set, etc.  
Mail  
coupon.

**MAIL COUPON!  
GET BIG CATALOG!**

Candid Camera with carrying case,  
Telescopes, Watches (sent postage  
paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with  
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE  
easily sold to friends, neigh-  
bors, relatives at 35c a box  
(with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen  
& Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfold, Tele-  
scopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware,  
Record Players, Movie Machines  
(postage pd.). Rush cou-  
pon to start!

**LET'S  
GO!**

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
Company

**MAIL NOW!**

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 102, Tyane, Pa. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Gentlemen: Please send me an trial 14 colorful art pic-  
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to  
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked  
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commit-  
ment as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent  
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ST. \_\_\_\_\_ R. D. \_\_\_\_\_ BOX \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT LAST NAME HERE \_\_\_\_\_  
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

**OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL**